

AFTER
DARK

Things happen... You need help...
and the Man with the Badge is there



SEPTEMBER



ID
LN

10¢

WAIT, MARK!
DON'T GO
IN THERE!
HE'S A
KILLER!

BUT IT'S MY
JOB TO GET HIM!
SO HERE
GOES!

NO
LOITERING

HOW THE POLICE FIGHT
JUVENILE DELINQUENCY!
Read **THE VANDALS**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DON'T BE FAT!

REDUCE

UP TO 5 lbs. PER WEEK!

NOW CHEWING GUM DISCOVERY QUICKLY REDUCES UGLY FAT ON BODY, HIPS, ARMS, LEGS, THIGHS, BUTTOCKS AND ANKLES

**NO STRENUOUS EXERCISE! NOT A DRUG!
INSTEAD A BRAND NEW WONDER MINERAL
THAT CHEWS OFF EXCESS FAT AND KEEPS YOU THIN!**

If you're fat, overweight and tired, send the coupon today for the latest discovery of medical science—it's called SLIM-X CHEWING GUM and anyone in average health can quickly lose up to 2, 4, 5 pounds per week and more so fast it's amazing.

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START LOSING UGLY FAT FIRST DAY!



DOCTORS Agree . . .

It's unhealthy to be fat.
Overweight people often die
younger.

NOW!

REALLY GET SLIM

AS THOUSANDS DO!

Let your scale prove you can lose weight
and acquire a slimmer attractive figure. A
10-day trial must convince you OR NO COST.

**MONEY
BACK
GUARANTEE**

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270 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please rush me this marvelous new SLIM-X Formula Chewing Gum & Reducing Plan as per your money-back guarantee.

- ☐ I enclose \$1.00, send trial size, postage pre-paid!
☐ Rush a Liberal Supply
I enclose \$3.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 75c postage by sending payment with order.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

☐ Send Giant Size, I enclose \$6 (save \$3). Sent on Approval.

100% GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

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More than a million people live in this city...
 And all of them live someplace...live with their problems...
 Sometimes these problems get too big for them...
 and they try to run away from it all...
 That's where I come in...I'm a cop...
 Detective Sergeant Mark Fabian is the name on the city's payroll.
 The case I'm going to tell you about was anything but routine...
 It was a case that challenged us to...

FIND THAT GIRL!



MY PARTNER IS PAT POLO...AND WE WERE WORKING OUT OF MISSING PERSONS THAT TUESDAY AFTERNOON, WHEN THIS MAN COMES INTO THE SQUAD ROOM LOOKING PLENTY AGITATED.

I...I MUST TALK TO SOMEONE...
 I...I NEED HELP! THEY SAID YOU DETECTIVES COULD...!

THAT'S OUR JOB--
 TO HELP! SIT DOWN...



IT'S MY DAUGHTER.. BETTY!
 SHE...SHE'S GONE...I-- DON'T KNOW WHERE (SOB!) BUT SHE'S BEEN MISSING THREE DAYS NOW! I LOOKED EVERY PLACE!
 TAKE IT EASY...AND START AT THE BEGINNING, MR...
 ER...ER...



HER NAME IS FRANK ADELL. THERE WASN'T MUCH TO TELL. HIS DAUGHTER HAD LEFT FOR SCHOOL THREE DAYS AGO. HADN'T COME YET. NO SIGN OF HER ANYWHERE...

WE GOT THE DESCRIPTION--ALL KNOWN FRIENDS AND THE REST OF IT. THEN THE FATHER PULLS OUT THE GIRL'S PICTURE...

THE CHIEF DROPPED THE CASE IN OUR LAPS, AND WE IMMEDIATELY STARTED TO DIG INTO IT. OUR FIRST STOP WAS THE GIRL FRIEND...

SHE ALWAYS CAME RIGHT HOME FROM SCHOOL TO HELP HER MOTHER WITH THE OTHER KIDS. BETTY--SHE WAS SO SMART...THE BEST GRADES IN SCHOOL! THE GIRL IS ONLY 17! WHERE COULD SHE BE? WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HER? THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT! YOU SAY SHE OCCASIONALLY STOPPED OFF AT A GIRL FRIEND'S HOUSE? WHAT'S HER NAME?

THAT'S HER--MY BETTY! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, EH?

VERY PRETTY! WE'D LIKE TO KEEP THIS FOR AWHILE AND WE'LL BE IN TOUCH WITH YOU!

BETTY DIDN'T COME HERE. SHE... SHE HAD A DATE... AND DIDN'T WANT HER FATHER TO KNOW...

WHAT'S WRONG ABOUT TELLING YOUR FATHER ABOUT A DATE?

YOU WOULDN'T ASK IF YOU KNEW HER FATHER! HE'S SO STRICT! NEVER LET HER GO ANYWHERE! THE POOR KID ONLY WANTED SOME FUN! I THOUGHT I'D COVER FOR HER...

WHO'S THE BOY SHE WENT WITH?

SOME BOY... HE'S A MOVIE USHER AT THE KENMORE THEATRE! I CAN'T SEE HIM MYSELF... BUT THAT'S HER BUSINESS! HER NAME IS TOM... TOM SOMETHING OR OTHER...

THANKS, MISS! CALL US IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING ABOUT BETTY!

TOM "SOMETHING OR OTHER" WASN'T HARD TO FIND! WE TALKED TO HIM... AND HE WASN'T TOO HAPPY ABOUT TALKING TO US...

YEAH... I SAW HER LAST NIGHT! WE HAD A DATE BUT HOW SHOULD I KNOW WHERE SHE IS? I TOOK HER HOME... SHE SEEMED MIGHTY LOW!

KEEP TALKING-- WE WANT TO HEAR MORE!

SO I TRIED TO KISS HER GOODNIGHT... SO WHAT? SHE PUSHED ME AWAY! OKAY... IF SHE'S SO PARTICULAR, LET HER GO OUT WITH SOMEBODY ELSE! I LEFT HER AT HER DOOR AND WENT HOME!

HE BEGAN TO SWEAT, AND THE HANKY HE TOOK OUT DIDN'T JIBE WITH HIS PERSONALITY...

THAT'S NOT YOUR HANKY, IS IT?

HUH?

N-NO...IT'S BETTY'S! I FIGURED ON GIVING IT BACK TO HER WHEN SHE SHOWS UP. SHE LOVES MOVIES AND COMES HERE A COUPLE OF TIMES A WEEK. ON THE Q.T.... HER OLD MAN DON'T LIKE HER TO GO TO THE MOVIES!

I THINK WE BETTER DO THE REST OF OUR TALKING DOWNTOWN!

HE GRUMBLED AND COMPLAINED ALL THE WAY DOWNTOWN. BUT HE DIDN'T GET MUCH MORE OUT OF HIM...

IF I'M UNDER ARREST FOR SOMETHING I GOT A RIGHT TO A LAWYER!

THAT'S YOUR PRIVILEGE, BUT WE'RE NOT HOLDING YOU, TOM! WE THOUGHT YOU'D BE A LITTLE MORE COOPERATIVE WITH US!

I TOLD YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW!

WE'LL WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN! YOU CAN GO NOW!

YOU START OUT TO FIND SOMEBODY AND YOU HAVE TO START AT THE VERY BEGINNING... SEE EVERYBODY... FOLLOW UP EVERY LEAD. WE STARTED WITH THE FRIENDS AND THEN SWITCHED TO THE RELATIVES. WE FINALLY GOT A LEAD FROM A COUSIN...

YEAH...SHE CAME HERE ASKING TO BORROW SOME MONEY! THE KID SEEMED MIGHTY LOW!

DID YOU GIVE HER ANY MONEY?

APPLES 3 for 25¢

SURE! BETTY'S MY COUSIN! SHE'S A GOOD KID...SMART, TOO! BUT I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO LEND HER!

SHE COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR ON WHAT YOU GAVE HER?

IT'S MORE THAN HER OLD MAN GAVE HER! THAT KID COULDN'T GET A DIME OUT OF HIM!

IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO COME BACK TO THE GIRL'S FATHER! NOT A VERY POPULAR GUY! LET'S STOP AT THE GIRL'S HOUSE, PAT!

FRUIT & PRODUCE

Potatoes

Pears

IT WAS A BIG FAMILY THE GIRL CAME FROM BUT IT WAS EASY TO SEE THAT THE FATHER WAS BOSS IN HIS HOUSE...

WE GAVE HER EVERYTHING...AND SHE WAS SO SMART IN SCHOOL! THE HIGHEST MARKS! BETTY WAS A GOOD GIRL! SHE DIDN'T RUN AROUND LIKE THE OTHERS! SHE HELPED HER MOTHER!



AND SHE COULD PLAY THE PIANO LIKE AN ANGEL! SHE ALWAYS PLAYED FOR HER PAPA! WHERE IS SHE...? BETTY WILL COME HOME, PAPA!



WHEN WILL SHE COME HOME? WHERE IS SHE?

BAWW!



TAKE THEM OUT OF HERE! I'VE ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT!

BAWW!

YES, PAPA! COME, CHILDREN!



YOU MUST FIND HER! DO YOU HEAR? FIND HER!!

EASY, MR. ADELL! WE UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL, BUT A CHILD DOESN'T RUN AWAY FROM A HAPPY HOME! THINK THAT OVER!



WE BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THE RESTRAINTS THE GIRL WAS UNDER AND WENT TO SCHOOL TO SEE IF WE COULDN'T FIND ANOTHER ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE OF HER DISAPPEARANCE...

BETTY WAS A VERY QUIET GIRL AND A GOOD STUDENT! BUT SHE WAS ABOUT TO FAIL IN ONE OF HER SUBJECTS. I'LL LET YOU TALK TO HER MATH TEACHER!



THE POOR GIRL NEVER SEEMED TO GRASP THE SUBJECT. I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE -- BUT WHEN SHE FOUND OUT SHE WASN'T GOING TO PASS, SHE WAS TERRIFIED! SHE CAME SOBBING TO ME THAT HER FATHER WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND! BETTY HAD NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF...

THE OLD STORY OF A PARENT EXPECTING TOO MUCH FROM A KID!



A WEEK PASSED... WE HAD SENT OUT AN APB ON THE GIRL BUT EVERY LEAD RAN INTO A BLIND ALLEY... THEN, ONE DAY, DETECTIVE FITZHUGH DROPPED SOMETHING IN OUR LAPS...

YOU KNOW THE CLUB ORCHID... THE ONE WHERE THE SYNDICATE HOODS HANG OUT? THEY GOT A NEW PIANO PLAYER THERE... A YOUNG KID! THE GIRL LOOKS NO MORE THAN EIGHTEEN!

A PIANO PLAYER, EH?



THE CLUB HAS LONG BEEN DOWN IN THE DEPARTMENT'S BOOKS AS SOMETHING UNSAVORY... A HANGOUT FOR THE SYNDICATE MOB, WE HUNG AROUND UNTIL THE PIANO STARTED UP...

SHE'S BLONDE ALL RIGHT! THINK THAT'S THE KID WE'RE LOOKING FOR?

A LITTLE PEROXIDE DOES A LOT... LET'S FIND OUT!



I... I'M NOT BETTY...! WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHO ARE YOU?

DO YOU MIND TELLING US WHO YOU ARE? WE'RE POLICE...!



LET ME ALONE!

WAIT!



YEAH... SHE PLAYS PRETTY GOOD, TOO. A BLONDE... BUT I'M BETTING SHE WAS A BRUNETTE NOT TOO LONG AGO!

NO SENSE GUESSING, PAT! LET'S GO DOWN TO TAKE A LOOK!



HELLO, BETTY...!

WH...? WHA...?



WE STARTED TO FOLLOW HER AS SHE RAN INTO ANOTHER ROOM, BUT FOUND OUR WAY BLOCKED BY SOME SCOWLING THUGS...

HOLD IT, BOYS! SORRY, BUT THIS IS A PRIVATE ROOM! NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT CARDS!

WE WANT TO TALK TO THE GIRL, BUSTER! WANT TO SEE OUR POLICE CREDENTIALS?



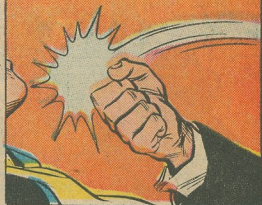
FLASHING OUR BADGES ONLY SEEMED TO PUT THEM IN A SURLIER MOOD. YOU COULD SENSE THE TROUBLE THAT WAS ABOUT TO BREAK AROUND US...

GET A SEARCH WARRANT, COP! YOU CAN'T GET IN!
WE'RE NOT HERE TO SEARCH THE PLACE! ALL WE WANT IS TO TALK TO THE GIRL! NOW, GET OUT OF THE WAY...

I SAID NO TALK! NOW RUN ALONG LIKE GOOD LITTLE COPS!

GOOD LITTLE COPS... THAT'S WHAT WE TRY TO BE!

AND A GOOD COP DOESN'T LET A THUG THROW A GUN ON HIM!



THE DOOR GAVE UNDER THE IMPACT OF HIS SHOULDER AND AS WE TUMBLED INTO THE ROOM WE GOT AN EYEFUL...

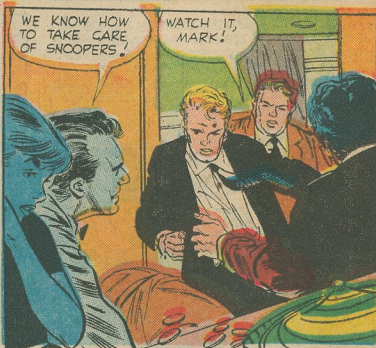
WE KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF SNOOPERS!

WATCH IT, MARK!

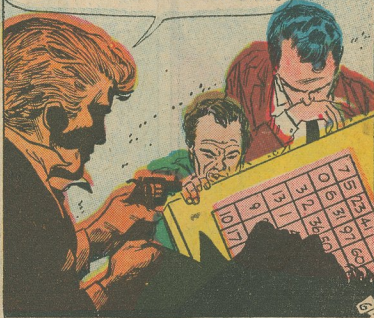
HURRY UP AND DITCH THAT GAMBLING STUFF!

UH, OH! LOOKS LIKE WE FOUND MORE THAN WE INTENDED TO!

A GAMBLING LAYOUT!



NOW JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING AS IT IS! WE'RE GOING TO NEED IT FOR EVIDENCE!



THE SOUND OF GUNPLAY AND THE FIGHT BROUGHT POLICE REINFORCEMENTS. THE SITUATION WAS PRETTY MUCH UNDER CONTROL WHEN I TURNED TOWARD THE GIRL...



I...I DIDN'T KNOW... (SOB!) ABOUT THE GAMBLING! I...I DIDN'T KNOW...

YOU BETTER COME ALONG WITH US, MISS! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A YOUNG GIRL!

BY THE TIME WE REACHED THE RESERVE THE GIRL HAD SOBBINGLY CONFESSED HER DEEDS...



YES...YES...I'M BETTY ADELL...BUT DON'T TAKE ME BACK HOME!(SOB!) DON'T...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR FATHER IS HALF OUT OF HIS MIND WORRYING ABOUT YOU... A NICE FAMILY... A HOME!

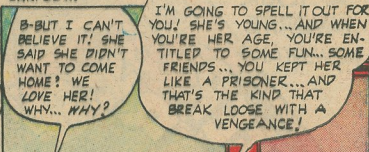
YOU DON'T KNOW PAPA! HE NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN! ALL HE KNEW WAS SCHOOL... AND WORK...PRACTICE THE PIANO! WHEN HE FINDS OUT I FLUNKED...

MAYBE IT'S BEEN ROUGH...BUT WHAT YOU DID ISN'T THE ANSWER! YOUNG GIRLS RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME FIND MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY CAN COPE WITH!

THE GIRL'S FATHER IS HERE, MARK! WANT TO TALK TO HIM FIRST?



I DID WANT TO TALK TO HIM...AND I GAVE HIM AN EARFUL...



B-BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T WANT TO COME HOME! WE LOVE HER! WHY... WHY?

I'M GOING TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU! SHE'S YOUNG...AND WHEN YOU'RE HER AGE, YOU'RE ENTITLED TO SOME FUN...SOME FRIENDS...YOU KEPT HER LIKE A PRISONER...AND THAT'S THE KIND THAT BREAK LOOSE WITH A VENGEANCE!

301-307



CHILDREN NEED PARENTAL GUIDANCE... BUT THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HELPING A CHILD AND DENYING THEM EVERYTHING THAT SPELLS HAPPINESS. ALL WORK AND NO PLAY ADDS UP TO NOTHING BUT TROUBLE!

I SEE... I SEE...I'M A FOOLISH MAN! YOU CAN'T EARN A CHILD'S LOVE WITHOUT TRUSTING THEM!



JUST TRY TO SEE IT FROM THEIR ANGLE ONCE IN A WHILE! COME ON... SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU!

MY BABY... MY BABY GIRL!

PAPA! (SOB!) (SOB!) I WAS WRONG!



NO, NO, BETTY! IT WAS YOUR FOOLISH PAPA WHO DROVE YOU TO IT! I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE FLUNKING! YOUR PAPA...HE WAS A DUMBBELL IN SCHOOL! COME-- MAMA AND THE CHILDREN ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

I THINK THINGS ARE GOING TO BE KIND OF DIFFERENT NOW FOR THE GIRL, EH, MARK?



THE GIRL WENT BACK TO A HAPPIER HOME, AS FOR THE SYNDICATE GANG, THEY WERE INDICTED AND FOUND GUILTY AFTER TRIAL. WE FOUND A PERMANENT HOME FOR THEM, TOO! A HOME WITH BARS ON IT THAT HAD A LEASE FOR FIVE YEARS!

CASE CLOSED



The BIG 3

10¢

AT YOUR
FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND



LOOK FOR
THESE
HARD HITTING
PARTNERS
for
**MORE READING
PLEASURE !!**

The MAGAZINES THAT GO ALL OUT
IN **ACTION. THRILLS. EXCITEMENT!**





The city's got a beauty all its own--man-made--bought and paid for!
Because I love my town...
Because I happen to be Detective Sergeant Mark Fabian, a cop...
I've got a special hate for a malicious, destructive gang... that's what this case is about...
A case we'll call...

THE

VANDALS



IT'S A
COP!
CHEEZIT!

PAT POLO, MY PARTNER, AND I WERE WORKING THE NIGHT WATCH OUT OF THE JUVENILE DIVISION. THE COMPLAINTS ABOUT DELINQUENCY AND VANDALISM WERE ADDING UP TO SERIOUS PROPORTIONS! OFFICER ANDY RYAN'S CALL WAS RELAYED THROUGH H.Q. RADIO TO OUR CAR...

THEY WRECKED
THE NEWS
STAND ... NO
REASON ...
ONLY
MEANNESS!

THAT SEEMS
TO BE
REASON ENOUGH,
GOT AN
IDENTIFICATION
ON ANY OF
THEM, RYAN?



THERE WAS FIVE OF 'EM, SERGEANT. MAYBE NEXT TIME THEY'LL PULL DOWN CITY HALL! BET I COULD CURE THOSE BRATS WITH THE PALM OF MY HAND APPLIED TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

YEAH--
FIRST
YOU'VE GOT
TO GET
'EM!



THOSE WILD ACTS OF VANDALISM KEPT PAT AND ME ON THE HOP INTO THE LATE HOURS OF THE NIGHT...

IT'S BEEN GOING ON LIKE THIS FOR A MONTH! ALWAYS THE SAME SQUARE MILE OF TOWN! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO NAB THOSE KIDS, MARK!

WE'VE GOT TO NAB 'EM, PAT! THEY'LL GET BORED WITH THIS SORT OF THING! THEN WE'LL SEE TROUBLE... REAL TROUBLE!

THERE WAS A FEELING OF TROUBLE IN THE AIR SO THICK YOU COULD CUT IT! THERE WERE TWO HOODLUMS BEHIND IT ALL...

YOU BOYS ALL DONE GREAT, ALL BUT YOU, FRANKIE! YOU GOT TO PASS ONE BIG TEST BEFORE YOU'RE IN! RIGHT, JOE?

YEAH, PHIL! FRANKIE'S GOT TO RING IN A FALSE ALARM! THEN HE'S A REGULAR MEMBER OF THE DEE STREET BOYS!

RING A FIRE ALARM? THAT'S ALL? THEN I'M IN THE GANG?

IT AIN'T THAT EASY, KID! YOU GOT TO WAIT! NO RUNNIN' TILL THE LAST MINUTE... TILL THE ENGINES GET THERE! THAT TAKES THE KIND OF GUTS YOU NEED FOR THE GANG'S REAL BUSINESS!

JOE, GIVE THE BOYS AN IDEA ABOUT OUR PLANS...

IT'S GONNA BE BIG TIME STUFF... SHAKE-DOWN! WE LINE UP THE GROCERS, THE LAUNDRIES... ALL THE SHOPS! THEY PAY US PROTECTION... OR THEY GET BROKEN WINDOWS! WE GO TO WORK ON 'EM LATER TONIGHT!

THE DEPARTMENT KNEW NOTHING OF THE DEE STREET BOYS THEN. WE HAD NO INKLING OF THEIR PLANS. BUT WE WERE DUE TO FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH...

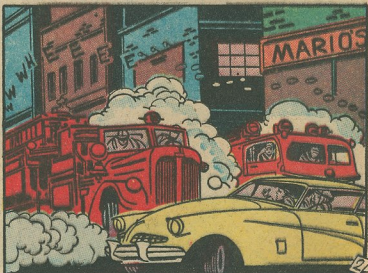
GO ON, FRANKIE... TURN IT! ATTA BOY! NOW, WE'RE GOIN', KID, BUT WE'LL ALL BE WATCHIN' YOU, SO YOU STAY TILL THE ENGINES GET HERE!

6:50 P.M. PAT AND I WERE IN OUR CAR ON THE VANDAL PROWL, WHEN THE CALL CAME IN...

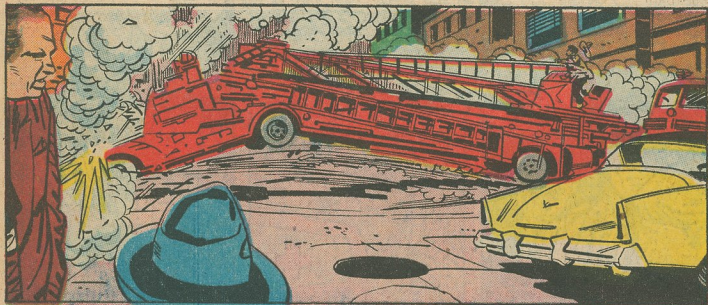
ALARM IN WEST STREET AND FIFTEENTH! REPEAT... WEST STREET AND FIFTEENTH...

THAT'S A DOZEN BLOCKS FROM HERE, PAT! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

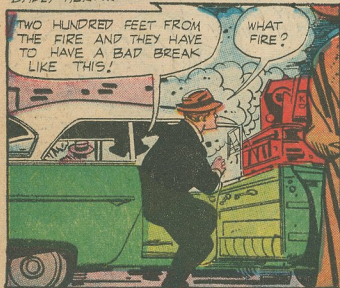
TWO TRUCKS FROM ENGINE COMPANY 3 WERE TURNING INTO WEST STREET WHILE WE WERE STILL TWO BLOCKS AWAY. THEIR SIRENS AND OURS SANG A MOURNFUL TUNE AS IF ANNOUNCING THE ACCIDENT ABOUT TO HAPPEN...



THE NIGHT AIR WAS AQUIVER WITH THE ENGINES' ROAR AS THE DRIVER SWERVED TO AVOID THE ON-COMING CAR! THERE WERE HOARSE CRIES THAT BLENDED WITH THE SHATTERING ROAR AS THE GREAT RED MONSTER MOUNTED A CURB AND THUNDERED INTO A BUILDING...



WE RADIODED H.Q. FOR AN AMBULANCE, THEN WE LEGGED IT TO THE WRECK. AS FAR AS I COULD MAKE OUT THERE WAS ONE FIREMAN BADLY HURT...



I LOOKED AROUND. THERE WAS NO FIRE! THERE WAS ONLY THE ALARM BOX... AND THERE WAS A KID...



HE WAITED TILL WE WERE FIFTY FEET AWAY, THEN HE BACKED UP A FEW FEET, TURNED SUDDENLY...



THE YOUNGSTER OUTRAN US, BUT WE KEPT HIM IN SIGHT. I ROUNDED A CORNER JUST IN TIME TO SEE HIM DUCK INTO AN ALLEY. IT WAS 6:59 P.M....



I GAVE THE SIGNAL, AND WE FLOODED THE SMALL AREA WITH YELLOW LIGHT! IT WAS A BLIND ALLEY...



I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU MY NAME... THE LAW DOESN'T SAY I GOT TO!

YOU DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND, BIG MOUTH! YOU'RE IN TROUBLE-- MANSLAUGHTER, MAYBE!



TAKE HIM TO THE CAR, PAT!

THE KID KEPT GLANCING AROUND AS IF HE WANTED TO SEE IF SOMEONE WAS WATCHING HIM. WE GOT TO THE PROWL CAR JUST AS THE AMBULANCE WAS LEAVING WITH THE BADLY INJURED FIREMAN...

COME ON--TAKE ME TO HEADQUARTERS! YOU CAN'T PROVE I TURNED IN THE ALARM! MAYBE I THOUGHT THERE WAS A REAL FIRE!

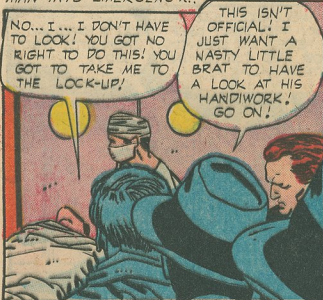


HEY! THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO THE STATION!

YOU'LL GET THERE SOON ENOUGH, SON! WE'RE GOING TO PAY THE HOSPITAL A LITTLE VISIT!



7:17... THE KID QUICKLY LOST HIS TOUGHNESS WHEN WE FOLLOWED THE UNCONSCIOUS FIREMAN INTO EMERGENCY...



THIS ISN'T OFFICIAL! I JUST WANT A NASTY LITTLE BRAT TO HAVE A LOOK AT HIS HANDWORK! GO ON!

FELT THE KID SHUDDER CONVULSIVELY. AN ANGUISHED CRY CAME FROM HIS THROAT...



SURE, THAT'S FRANKIE BOYD... THAT'S HIS BROTHER WHO'S HURT! DOC SAYS MIKE'S PRETTY BAD! HE NEEDS A TRANSFUSION! I OFFERED MINE, BUT MY BLOOD TYPE'S WRONG!



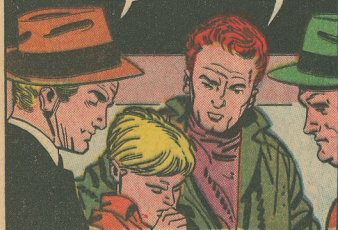
YOU'VE ALREADY DONE SOMETHING, FRANKIE! YOU FEEL ROTTEN BECAUSE IT'S YOUR BROTHER. IT HAD TO BE SOMEBODY'S BROTHER OR SON OR FATHER! THINK IT OVER!

IT'S FUNNY, YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO COMMIT A CRIME... BUT THE LAW SAYS YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO GIVE BLOOD TO SAVE YOUR VICTIM'S LIFE... EVEN IF IT'S YOUR OWN BROTHER!

I'M SUPPOSED TO CALL MIKE'S FOLKS! THEY'LL TAKE IT HARD! I... I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO TELL THEM!

7:53...PAT AND I TOOK FRANKIE TO THE BOYD HOME AND TOLD THEM WHAT HAPPENED...

I DIDN'T KNOW MIKE'D GET HURT... I DIDN'T KNOW... AND YOU THINK IT'D BE ALL RIGHT IF IT WAS SOMEBODY ELSE! YOU HANG AROUND WITH THOSE HOODLUMS, YOU ACT SMART, AND NOW YOUR BROTHER MAY DIE! I HOPE THEY PUNISH YOU, FRANKIE... I HOPE THEY PUNISH YOU GOOD!



8:19...WE DROVE THE BOYDS TO THE HOSPITAL, THEN TOOK FRANKIE TO THE PRECINCT! THE TOUGHNESS HAD MELTED OUT OF HIM...

FRANKIE...YOU'VE ALREADY ADMITTED A LOT OF THINGS... BREAKING LAMPPOST LIGHTS, VANDALISM... WE KNOW YOU WEREN'T ALONE IN IT! YOUR MOTHER SAID THERE WERE OTHER BOYS YOU HUNG OUT WITH! WHO ARE THEY, FRANKIE?

I... I CAN'T, I'M NOT GOING TO SQUEAL ON ANYBODY!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PROTECT THOSE HOODLUMS, FRANKIE! IF THEY GOT YOU TO TURN IN THAT ALARM THEY'RE PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED... HEY!

YEAH... IF IT WASN'T FOR THEM AND ME, MIKE'D BE ALL RIGHT NOW! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM...



IT SUDDENLY HAPPENED! FRANKIE BROKE FOR THE DOOR! HE WAS UP AND OUT OF H.Q. BEFORE PAT AND I COULD MOVE. WE RECOVERED FAST...

THERE HE GOES! WE BETTER TAKE THE CAR!



YOU CAN'T DRIVE A CAR THROUGH ALLEYS, FRANKIE! BOYD GAVE US THE SLIP BUT WE SCoured THE SQUARE MILE OF THE CITY FOR HIM! MEANWHILE...

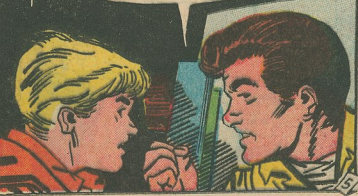
HEY, LOOK! IT'S FRANKIE! PHIL AND JOE SAY YOU DID FINE! WE ALL WATCHED YOU TURN IN THAT FALSE ALARM, FRANKIE!

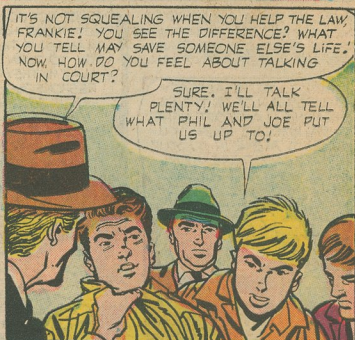
YEAH, YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES! ME AND JOE ARE PROUD OF YOU! YOU'RE IN SOLID NOW!



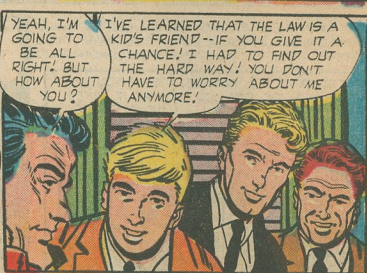
I THOUGHT I WANTED TO BE LIKE YOU, FELLAS... LIKE PHIL AND JOE! BUT IT'S NO GOOD! MY BROTHER GOT HURT! HE WAS ON THE FIRE ENGINE THAT CRASHED!

SO WHAT! IF YOU'RE GONNA BE A WEAK SISTER... OKAY! STAY OUT! THE REST OF US ARE GONNA VISIT SOME SHOPKEEPERS TO PUT THE SQUEEZE ON 'EM!





FRANKIE BOYD AND THE OTHER YOUNGSTERS TESTIFIED AGAINST PHIL KEENAN AND JOE NELSON, AND EARNED THEMSELVES A 'SUSPENDED SENTENCE' IN COURT...

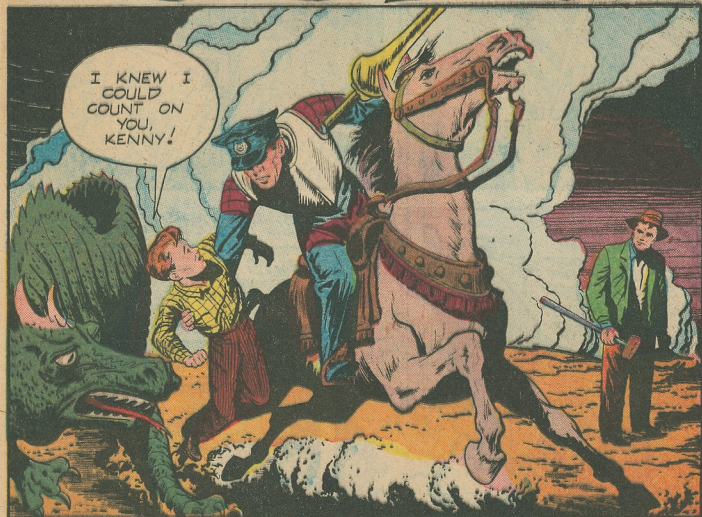


KEENAN AND NELSON DREW AGGREGATE TERMS AMOUNTING TO FIVE YEARS EACH IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY, THAT PUT THE LID ON VANDALISM IN THIS CITY!

CASE CLOSED

Most boys look up to their fathers as their personal heroes--But not Buddy! He turned to Kenny Cogan and created a strange problem for the cop when he found himself tagged as the **HERO!**

The **COP!**



I KNEW I
COULD
COUNT ON
YOU,
KENNY!

YOU'VE KNOWN BUDDY WALLACE ALL HIS NINE YEARS, WATCHED HIM GROW INTO A REAL, FINE KID, AND YOU'RE TOUCHED AT HIS DISAPPOINTMENTS, KENNY COGAN...

YOU HAVEN'T
FORGOTTEN
ABOUT
TAKING ME
TO THE
BALL GAME
THIS AFTER-
NOON, DAD?
YOU SAID
WE'D GO
SATURDAY!

I--I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUDDY!
I'D HOPED I COULD GET OFF, BUT
THE WORK'S PILED UP! MAYBE
NEXT SATURDAY!

HE'S A LONELY BOY--A KID WITH A FATHER,
A GOOD FATHER, WHO JUST DOESN'T
HAVE TIME FOR HIM...

I WISH MY
DAD WAS LIKE
YOU, KENNY!
I WISH HE
WOKE A
COP'S UNIFORM...
AND WOULD
BE MY PAL,
AND TAKE ME
TO BALL
GAMES!

DON'T FORGET, BUDDY
BOY, YOUR DAD WORE
A UNIFORM ONCE,
TOO--A UNIFORM
YOU CAN BE REAL
PROUD OF!



SURE, HE WAS IN THE ARMY, BUT HE WAS JUST A MECHANIC THEN LIKE HE IS NOW! WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO BE A MECHANIC WHEN I GROW UP--I'M GOING TO BE A COP LIKE YOU!

YOU'RE JUST DISAPPOINTED BECAUSE HE CAN'T TAKE YOU TO THE GAME! TELL YOU WHAT--I'M OFF DUTY THIS AFTERNOON! HOW ABOUT GOING TO THE BALL GAME WITH ME?

SO YOU FIND YOURSELF PINCH-HITTING FOR BUDDY WALLACE'S FATHER, KENNY, AND IT'S A JOB YOU LIKE DOING...

KNOCK IT OUT OF THE LOT, CHARLIE! WOW! LOOK AT HIM CONNECT!

I DON'T SEE HOW HE COULD MISS WITH YOU CHEERING FOR HIM, BUDDY!



HE'S HIT IT THIS WAY, KENNY! GET IT! CATCH THE BALL FOR ME! HEY! YOU GOT IT! YOU GOT IT!!

YES, YOU'RE A REAL HERO TO THE BOY, KENNY, AND LATER THAT DAY...



... HE JUST REACHED UP IN THE AIR AND SPEARED THIS BALL, DAD! AND AFTER, YOU KNOW WHAT? HE TOOK ME TO THE DRESSING ROOM AND THE WHOLE TEAM AUTOGRAPHED IT FOR ME ... LOOK!

YOU'D THINK LEO WALLACE WOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR WHAT YOU DID FOR HIS BOY, KENNY, AND YOU'RE PUZZLED AT HIS SILENT SCOWL AS HE GOES MOODILY TO HIS ROOM AND SLAMS THE DOOR...

I'M SORRY FOR THE WAY LEO IS BEHAVING, KENNY! BUT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND--!

WELL, WHAT'S EATING HIM?

LEO WAS IN THE ARMY WHILE BUDDY WAS GROWING UP. BUDDY IMAGINED HIS FATHER AS A HERO--AND LEO COULDN'T PRETEND. HE WAS JUST A MECHANIC LIKE HE IS NOW, HE'D NEVER EVEN SEEN ACTION. WELL, BUDDY STILL NEEDED A HERO SO HE FOUND HIMSELF ONE-- YOU!

I'M SORRY, MRS. WALLACE-- I DON'T WANT THINGS TO BE THIS WAY! I THINK A FATHER OUGHT TO BE A BOY'S OWN HERO...

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT... LEO'S JUST GOT TO FIND TIME FOR BUDDY! HE'S GOT TO WIN HIM BACK HIMSELF!

BUDDY'S A FINE BOY... HE JUST NEEDS HIS FATHER'S UNDERSTANDING!

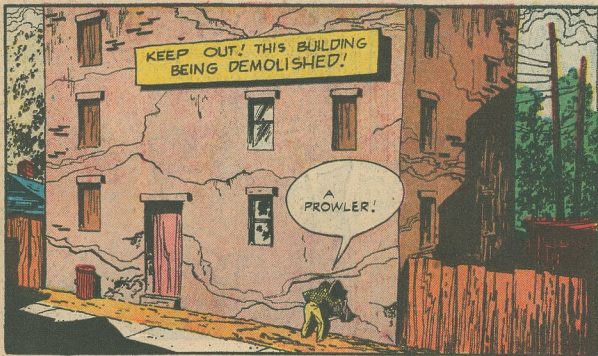


NOW YOU KNOW THAT LEO WALLACE IS JEALOUS, KENNY, BUT YOU CAN'T STOP HIS SON'S HERO WORSHIP OF YOU...

THE BOY EVEN IMITATES THE WAY YOU WALK, YOUR EVERY GESTURE...



IT'S LATER THE SAME AFTERNOON, KENNY, BUDDY WALLACE IS ON HIS WAY HOME, PASSING AN OLD CONDEMNED BUILDING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. HE'S STILL PLAYING COP... STILL IMITATING YOU...

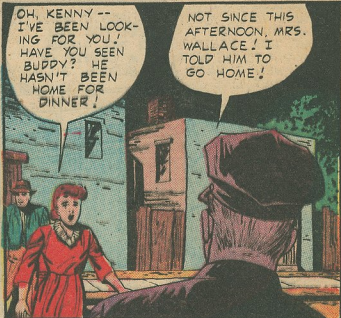


BUDDY PRETENDS TO LEAVE THE ROTTING, CON-
DEMNED BUILDING, BUT A MINUTE LATER...



HE'S UP TO SOME-
THING, ALL RIGHT...
I'LL TELL KENNY
ABOUT IT AS
SOON AS I GET
MORE
EVIDENCE!

MEANWHILE, KENNY, YOU'RE BACK POUNDING
YOUR BEAT IN THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD...



OH, KENNY --
I'VE BEEN LOOK-
ING FOR YOU!
HAVE YOU SEEN
BUDDY? HE
HASN'T BEEN
HOME FOR
DINNER!

NOT SINCE THIS
AFTERNOON, MRS.
WALLACE! I
TOLD HIM TO
GO HOME!



YOU
OUGHT
TO
KNOW
WHERE
MY
BOY
IS,
COGAN--
HE'S
ALWAYS
HANGIN'
AROUND
YOU!

I'M SORRY-- I
HAVEN'T SEEN
HIM SINCE ABOUT
FOUR O'CLOCK!
I SUGGEST WE
HAVE A LOOK
AROUND TOGETHER.
KIDS OF THAT
AGE SOMETIMES
FORGET ABOUT
TIME...

WE'VE BEEN
HUNTING FOR
A COUPLE OF
HOURS... WE'RE
GETTING
AWFULLY
WORRIED!



YOU COMB THE NEIGHBORHOOD,
KENNY, VISITING ALL OF BUDDY'S
KNOWN HAUNTS. HE HASN'T BEEN
SEEN BY ANYONE, AND HIS
PARENTS ARE GETTING FRANTIC...

I'M
SORRY,
KENNY...
DIDN'T
SEE
HIM!

THANKS,
ANYHOW,
POP!
THERE'S
A CALL-
BOX DOWN
AT THE NEXT
CORNER! I'D
BETTER TURN
THIS OVER TO
THE PRECINCT!



ON THE WAY TO THE
CALLBOX...

OH, CLANCY-- HAVE YOU
NOTICED A BOY AROUND
HERE... NINE YEARS OLD...
DARK HAIR,
WEARING A
PLAID SHIRT
AND
BROWN
CORDUROY...

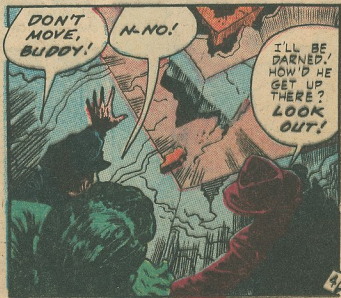
OH, IT'S YOU,
COGAN! YEAH--
SEEMS I DID
CHASE SOME
BOY 'BOUT AN
HOUR AGO! DON'T
LIKE 'EM PLAYIN' HERE!
DANGEROUS!



BUDDY? BUDDY!
ARE YOU
IN HERE?

MOM--IS THAT YOU
DOWN THERE? SAY,
MOM, I SAW A
SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER
HANGING AROUND... I
TAILED HIM! I'LL
BE RIGHT DOWN!

YOU HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS... YOU HEAR HIM
CRY OUT AS PART OF A FLOOR GIVES WAY...



DON'T
MOVE,
BUDDY!

N-NO!

I'LL BE
DARNED!
HOW'D HE
GET UP
THERE?
LOOK
OUT!



BUDDY... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT UP THERE?
I CAN'T SEE YOU!

THE FLOOR FELL FROM UNDER ME, DAD! I'M UP HERE... I-I'M SCARED TO MOVE!

YOU SIZE UP THE SITUATION, KENNY... YOU THINK OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT-- NO LADDER COULD REACH HIM THERE-- NOT IN TIME...



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUDDY... I'LL COME UP AFTER YOU!

HURRY UP, KENNY! THIS THING I'M ON IS MOVING A LITTLE!



I WOULDN'T GO OVER TO THAT SIDE THE BOYS ON, COGAN-- IT'S THE MOST DANGEROUS SPOT IN THE BUILDING!

I'M GOING UP, MISTER-- JUST KEEP THAT FLASHLIGHT POINTING UP THERE!



YOU START UP THE SHAKY TREACHEROUS STAIRS, KENNY, YOU AND LEO WALLACE... THE FATHER WHO COULDN'T BE HIS SON'S HERO! AND YOU HEAR A CRUMPLING, CRASHING UP ABOVE...

MY GOSH! IT'S HIT HIM!

HANG ON, BUDDY! WE'RE COMING!



UP UP, UP YOU GO, KNOWING THAT ONE MISSTEP WILL SEND YOU HURTLING TO THE GROUND BELOW... THEN, AT LAST YOU REACH A POINT, ACROSS FROM BUDDY...

HE... HE'S UNCONSCIOUS-- THAT FALLING PLASTER KNOCKED HIM OUT!

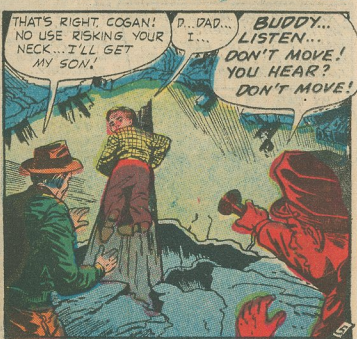
THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO REACH HIM QUICKLY-- BEFORE HE COMES TO... HE'S LIABLE TO MOVE... FALL!

YOU START HURRIEDLY ACROSS THE CRUMPLING FLOOR CLOSE TO THE SHAKY OUTER WALLS...



YAA!

YOU BETTER WAIT, WALLACE-- NO USE IN BOTH OF US RISKING OUR NECKS!



THAT'S RIGHT, COGAN! NO USE RISKING YOUR NECK... I'LL GET MY SON!

D...DAD... I...

BUDDY... LISTEN... DON'T MOVE! YOU HEAR? DON'T MOVE!

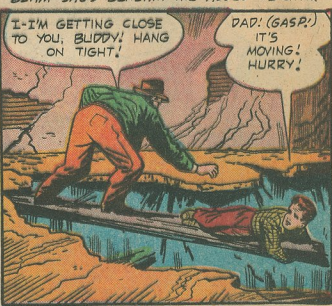
LEO WALLACE IS NERVOUS, SWEATING, BUT HE STEPS OUT ONTO THAT BEAM WITHOUT HESITATION...



EASY...!

I CAN'T TAKE IT EASY... THIS BEAM'S GIVING SLOWLY... SPECK BY SPECK! I'VE GOT TO REACH MY BOY...!

YOUR HEART BEATS WITH A THUNDERING NOISE, KENNY... YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH AS THE BEAM SAGS BENEATH THE ADDED WEIGHT...



I-I'M GETTING CLOSE TO YOU, BUDDY! HANG ON TIGHT!

DAD! (GASP!) IT'S MOVING! HURRY!



NOW, BUDDY! I'VE GOT YOU, SON! LET GO!

HURRY, DAD! HURRY!



COGAN! GRAB HIM!

I'VE GOT HIM! GRAB ONTO SOMETHING YOURSELF!

YOU HEAR MAE WALLACE SCREAM AS THE BEAM HURTTLES DOWNWARD! LEO GRABS BLINDLY, DESPERATELY! YOU DROP THE FLASHLIGHT... GRASP HIS WRISTS...

THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT NIGHTMARES, THEY'VE GOT TO END! AND THIS ONE ENDS HAPPILY, FOR THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY...



M-MY DAD, KENNY! DON'T LET HIM GO... DON'T LET HIM FALL!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUDDY! I'VE GOT HIM NOW!



DAD'S TAKING ME TO THE BALL GAME, KENNY--A DOUBLE HEADER!

WISH YOU COULD COME WITH US, COGAN!

MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME, FELLERS!

YOU FEEL GOOD INSIDE, KENNY, BECAUSE YOU KNOW THAT BUDDY WALLACE HAS FOUND A NEW HERO... HIS DAD!



YEAH... THINGS ARE JUST THE WAY THEY OUGHT TO BE NOW!

REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS

MADE OF FLEXTON — HEAVY GAUGE PLASTIC
GUARANTEED FOR LONG WEAR

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☐ Set (Front & Rear) \$5.00
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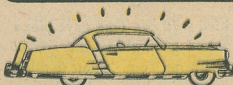
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Address

City State

RUSH ORDER TODAY

SIGNALS ON

THE phone on his desk suddenly came to life and Lieutenant Harry Gale scooped it to his ear. It made crisp, crackling sounds. Gale snapped an answer into it and hung up.

His bulky form rose with amazing agility from his chair and he took swift strides toward the door of the detective room, at the same time bellowing for his sidekick. "Let's go, Tom. We're going hunting for the Cato mob." Detective Tom Crease started toward the Lieutenant on the double and got through the door just behind him.

"The Cato Mob?" asked Tom as Lieutenant Gale threw the fast detective car into high. "What? Where—and when?"

"They're knocking over the Kitley Warehouse on Farr street," responded Harry Gale. "The Chief got a hot tip from an Informer that they're pulling the job there and if we work it right, we can bottle up the whole crowd. All squad cars have been ordered to the scene under code 77. If the tip is on the level, we'll finally be catching up with our pal, Eddie Cato and company.

"There'll be gunplay," said Tom as he pulled his service revolver and thoughtfully flipped the barrel.

"Could be," agreed Harry. "Some of the yeggs in that gang are three time losers and they're not going to give up easy. But don't you fret, Tommy, my boy. You stay behind me and they'll never even see you."

Harry Gale chuckled softly as Tom gave him a side-long glance. "It's a good thing you smiled when you said that," retorted Tom. "Come to think of it, I don't see how you've managed to live so long in this business. A guy as big as you is like a sitting duck."

The ex-football star turned to his partner and winked. "Didn't you know that bullets bounce off me?" It was true that Harry Gale was a huge man, but there was no fat clinging to that frame. He still had the same hardness about him when he was stopping ambitious backs who seemed touch-down bound until they ran into Harry playing defensive tackle.

And Harry had a brain that matched his brawn. If

a bullet hadn't touched him yet it was because he was smart as well as courageous.

The big car snaked through heavy downtown traffic heading for the docks. Squad cars were already thick around the Kitley warehouse on Farr street when Harry pulled over to the curb. Sergeant Moran approached the two detectives from the direction of the warehouse with a gloomy expression.

"We missed the boat again, Lieutenant. They got away!"

"Any sign they were ever here?" asked Harry Gale. "Was the tip a phony?"

"They were here all right," snapped the Sergeant. The watchman was knocked cold and half the valuable stuff in the warehouse is missing. But there's no sign of any of the Cato gang."

"Half the stuff?" asked Harry, as a puzzled expression crossed his face. "That means they were interrupted in their work. Did any of the squad cars come in with open sirens?"

"No sir," said Moran emphatically. "We had strict orders in that code 77. Everybody practically sneaked in here."

"That means only one thing then," said the Lieutenant. "Cato has broken the police code. Somebody in the gang carries a portable radio to pick up police calls and as soon as we shoot out a code call to the squad cars, they get hep and scam."

Sometimes there are things that the police know—but can't prove. They knew that Eddie Cato was the leader and brains behind the gang. Eddie had a long police record. Since his release from prison some eight months ago, his gang had pulled off several successful robberies, always managing to stay one step ahead of the police. And the cops were unable, officially, to connect Cato's gang with the robberies.

A week after the warehouse robbery, Harry Gale and Tom were cruising toward the Municipal Stadium. "We got a break on this assignment," smiled Tom. "Everybody and his brother is going to try and get in to see the big football game. And

because it's going to be jammed, we're put on duty so we get in free."

Harry was about to answer when he suddenly nudged Tom into silence and pointed. They were approaching the main gate of the Stadium and standing in line before a ticket window was Eddie Cato.

"Well, we won't have to worry about the Cato mob pulling anything today. Eddie is taking the afternoon off."

"No he isn't", snapped the Lieutenant. This is a job! He wouldn't be coming here for pleasure. He hates sports."

"Huh? How do you know?"

"Look. If you want to keep up with a con like that, you have to know a lot about him. Study his habits. I happen to know that when the prison team was playing for the championship last year, he was the only man outside of those in solitary who wouldn't watch the game. He preferred to stay in his cell and read. I'm betting the Cato mob is planning on sticking up the cashiers in the ball park and make off with the receipts which should be a nice tidy sum today."

"What do we do—tail him?" asked Tom.

"Nope," answered the Lieutenant thoughtfully. "If we tail him, he might get wise and stay clear of the job while his henchmen do the dirty work. We'll still have nothing on him. And we can't risk a gun battle in that Stadium with all those innocent people in there. We have to call headquarters and have men stationed near each ticket window and nab them when they come out of their holes."

"But how can we do that?" his sidekick asked. "If they've broken the code signals they'll be tipped off."

"Right—but I'm going to try something a little different." He picked up the mouthpiece to the car radio and asked to speak to the Chief. Seconds later, he heard the chief's gruff voice barking at him.

"Listen, Chief, I hate to bother you at a time like this. But I win that bet we had on that football signal."

For a second there was a pause and then came the Chief's guarded answer. "Yeah—what makes you think so?"

"Well—I'm at the Stadium now about to watch the game and it suddenly came to me. The signal

was eleven—seven—thirteen—forty-two. Remember?"

"I guess you win all right," growled the chief. "But next time don't waste my time on stuff like that when you're on duty. Over and out."

Tom looked puzzled as the Lieutenant signed off and grinned at him like a cat who had swallowed the canary. "What was that all about? I don't get it. Why the sudden passion for football signals?"

"All the answers in due time, my laddie," smiled Harry. "Right now we're going into the ball park and watch us a swell game."

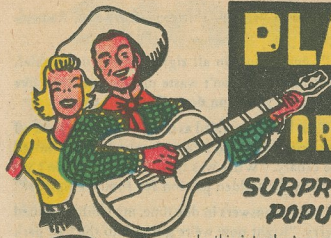
Tom tried to get some more answers, but Harry brushed him off, and soon he had forgotten all about it as he became one of the many thousands involved in watching the exciting football contest. Along about the third quarter, he thought he heard police sirens, but the Lieutenant waved him down in his seat.

After the game was over, and they casually strolled out, Tom heard newsboys excitedly shouting news that was blazing from banner headlines. Before he could get a paper, the Lieutenant snatched one out of the newsboy's hands and staring over his shoulder, Tom saw the black headlines. "CATO MOB CAPTURED ATTEMPTING TO ROB STADIUM RECEIPTS".

Harry grinned at the thunderstruck expression on Tom's face as Tom tried to frame the million questions beating at his brain. But before he could say a word, the Lieutenant threw an affectionate arm around his shoulders and started talking.

"Maybe you forgot that the Chief used to play football at my school, too. He was assistant coach when I was in my last year up there. With the hocus-pocus about a bet that never existed, I simply phoned him and gave him our old signal for a FIELD GOAL! He got it—and fast. "Field"—was the stadium—and that was his "goal". The other numbers indicated the opposition trying to crash through. Eddie Cato was our opposition, wasn't he? The Chief figured it out like I meant it. Cato mob was trying to crash the Stadium. Where would they go? For the cashiers' cages, of course. The Chief sent out enough men to surround the place and they walked right into our little trap. I wasn't worried about Eddie decoding that football signal. After all, he hated sports."

THE END



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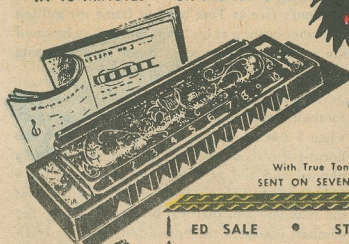
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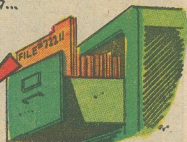
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COUPON
NOW**



Im Detective Sergeant Fabian...a cop that's been
around... seen plenty.
Mix gambling and bad company.
Results? Big Trouble!
Take it from me... I know...
When thugs offer you an easy money proposition, it's
100 to 1 they're looking for a...

FALL GUY!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT
FOR YOU, THOMAS--ONE PATH!
THAT'S THE PATH OF TRUTH!
COME CLEAN AND MAKE IT
EASIER ON YOURSELF!

MONDAY, MAY 19...10:45 A.M., THE PHONE
RANG. IT'S ALWAYS RINGING, SO I
REACHED FOR IT CASUALLY. AN EX-
CITED VOICE BROUGHT ME UP QUICK...

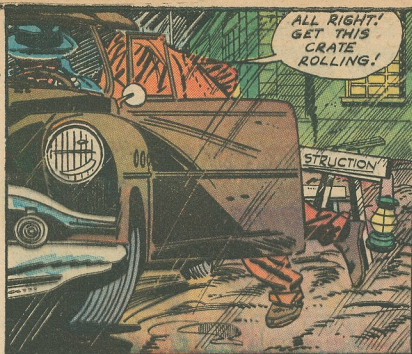
SLOW DOWN, PLEASE! FEDERAL
TRUST AND LOAN. WHEN? THEY'RE
STILL THERE? YES, SIR...YOU CAN
TRY TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT
THEM! IF THEY'VE GOT A GET-
AWAY CAR, LOOK AT THAT! BE
RIGHT DOWN, MISTER!



THE CALL WAS FROM A DRUG
STORE NEXT TO THE BANK!
SOMEBODY WAS MAKING A WITH-
DRAWAL WITHOUT THE BANK'S
PERMISSION... A STICK UP!



I TOLD YA TO
STAY BACK,
STUPID!



11:09 A.M....PAT AND I ARRIVED...YES...MUCH TOO LATE! BUT WE HAD A SMALL BREAK! THE TORN UP ROAD AND THE LIGHT DRIZZLE...



I ALREADY GOT A LIST OF WITNESSES, SIR... THREE OF THEM ARE WAITING IN THE BANK!

TWO NEIGHBORHOOD PATROLMEN, ATTRACTED BY THE ALARM, RAN UP, TOO LATE...



I PHONED H.Q. FOR A COUPLE OF LAB TECHNICIANS. WE NEEDED MOULAGE, CASTS OF THE TIRE TRACKS AND THE ONE FOOTPRINT. THEN WE QUESTIONED THE WITNESSES...



I KNOW FOR SURE IT WAS A '48 CHEVY!

CHEVY? IT WAS A BUICK-- A MAROON BUICK!

YES-- IT WAS A BUICK, BUT DARK BLUE!

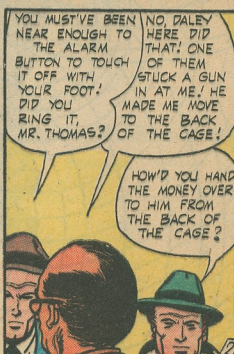


WE'LL GET MORE ACCURACY FROM THE MOULAGE CASTS, PAT!

WE LEARNED THAT LEONARD THOMAS HANDED OVER \$50,000 TO THE BANDITS. HE WAS THE CASHIER. WE FOUND HIM HOVERING OVER THE WOUNDED GUARD, RALPH DALEY, HIGHLY NERVOUS... SHAKING!

WHAT ABOUT THE MEN, MR. THOMAS? WHAT DID THEY LOOK LIKE?

I SAW THREE... ALL MASKED... I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE... I WAS TOO UPSET TO NOTICE THEIR CLOTHES!



NO, DALEY HERE DID THAT! ONE OF THEM STUCK A GUN IN AT ME! HE MADE ME MOVE TO THE BACK OF THE CAGE!

HOW'D YOU HAND THE MONEY OVER TO HIM FROM THE BACK OF THE CAGE?

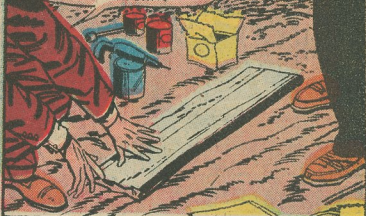
THOMAS CHOKED ON HIS OWN WORDS! HIS EYES DARTED NERVOUSLY FROM ME TO PAT...

I... I MEAN... HE MADE ME GIVE HIM THE MONEY FIRST... I JUST GOT SCARED WITH THE GUN POINTED AT ME! LISTEN, DO YOU HAVE TO ASK ME ALL THESE QUESTIONS NOW...? I (GASP!) I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD... DALEY BEING SHOT... THE WHOLE THING HAS MADE ME SICK!



WE WENT OUTSIDE AND WATCHED ONE OF THE GRS BOYS SPRAY THE FOOTPRINT IN THE MUD WITH SHELLAC, MIX PLASTER WITH SALT FOR QUICK DRYING, AND FILL THE PRINT WITH THE MORTURE. BY THEN THE TIRE MOUTAGE WAS READY...

GOT A GOOD CAST, FABIAN. COME OVER TO THE LAB-- I'LL GIVE YOU A PRELIMINARY RUNDOWN!



THE DEPTH OF THE TRACK INDICATES A WEIGHT OF 4,300 PLUS POUNDS! LET'S SEE... THAT GIVES US A '54 BUICK, MODEL 71. TIRES ARE GOODYEARS, ORIGINAL TREAD, QUITE NEW...

NOW WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO GO ON!



THE FOOTPRINT MOUTAGE TOLD ITS OWN STORY, TOO. ONE OF THE ROB-BERS WEIGHED ABOUT 210, HEIGHT ABOUT SIX FOOT-TWO. WE TOOK THE INFO TO CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION AT H.Q.

THAT I.B.M. SELECTOR IS EERIE! YOU TELL IT A COUPLE OF FACTS, HEIGHT, WEIGHT, THE SUSPECTS M.O. IN A FEW SECONDS IT PICKS HIM OUT OF A HUNDRED THOUSAND POSSIBILITIES!



... AND TELLS YOU HIS NAME IS BULL SCANLON!

BULL SCANLON, 38. FOUR ARRESTS STARTING IN 1936. ONE CONVICTION. FIVE YEARS AT STATE PEN FOR BANK ROBBERY ATTEMPT! WHAT DO YOU THINK, PAT?



I WON'T ARGUE WITH THE MACHINE, BUT I THINK HE HAD HELP... SOMEONE IN THE BANK! THAT'S WHY THE JOB WENT OFF SO SMOOTHLY! THE ROBBER KNEW JUST WHAT TIME TO COME, WHAT CAGE HAD THE MONEY! AND THAT SOMEONE MAY BE THE CASHIER, LEONARD THOMAS! IT'S PART HUNCH... I THINK HE FELT GUILTY ABOUT THE GUARD BEING WOUNDED! PART FACT... HIS CONFUSION ABOUT THE ALARM! LET'S CHECK ON HIM, PAT!

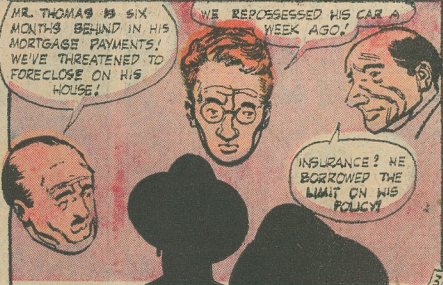


WE PUT AN A.R.E. ON THE TELETYPE FOR BULL SCANLON AND KNOWN ASSOCIATES... DITTO THE '54 BUICK... BEFORE CHECKING ON THOMAS. HIS CREDITORS ALL TOLD SIMILAR STORIES...

MR. THOMAS IS SIX MONTHS BEHIND IN HIS MORTGAGE PAYMENTS! WE'VE THREATENED TO FORECLOSE ON HIS HOUSE!

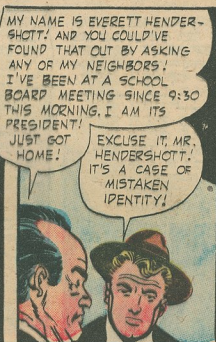
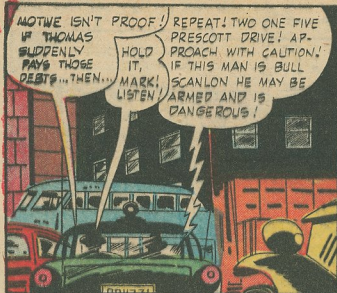
WE REPOSSESSED HIS CAR A WEEK AGO!

INSURANCE? HE BORROWED THE LIMIT ON HIS POLICY!



THE RAIL... THAT WAS THE PICTURE ON THOMAS. HE HAD A MOTIVE FOR WORKING WITH SCANLON. HIS NEED FOR CASH WAS DESPERATE...

MENTION OF THE NAME BULL SCANLON SENT MY SIZE ELEVEN DOWN ON THE ACCELERATOR. WE ENTERED PRES-COTT DRIVE EIGHT MINUTES LATER AND MORE PROWL CARS JOINED US WITHIN THIRTY SECONDS. I RAPPED ON THE DOOR OF NUMBER 215...



MADE A FEW MORE CALLS. ALL OF THOMAS' CREDITORS HAD BEEN PAID...IT WAS SOMETHING TO GO ON. WE REACHED THE BANK AT 11:20 A.M....



WE DIDN'T HAVE TO BELIEVE ANYTHING! WE ASKED HIM TO SHOW US HIS SAFE DEPOSIT BOX...

YOU NEVER HAD CASH IN THAT BOX, THOMAS! NOT RECENTLY! IT'S SO CRAMMED WITH PAPERS THERE

I--(CHOKES!) PUT THOSE PAPERS IN... YESTERDAY... AFTER I TOOK THE MONEY OUT!

I WAS ON DUTY HERE ALL DAY, YESTERDAY, MR. THOMAS! I NEVER SAW YOU DOWN HERE! I'LL GET THE TIME SLIPS...

YOU'D HAVE TO SIGN BEFORE YOU'D GET INTO THE VAULT! NO...WHAT'S THE USE...I'M LYING! YOU KNOW IT! I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW!

TELL US THE WHOLE STORY, THOMAS! EVERYTHING! IT WAS THE GAMBLING... A FEW SMALL BETS... THEN LARGER ONES! I KEPT LOSING! I WENT DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO DEBT! I WAS WORRIED AND IT MUST'VE SHOWN ON MY FACE! ONE DAY AT THE RACE TRACK, BULL SCANLON APPROACHED ME...

IT WAS AN OLD STORY. SCANLON HAD OFFERED THOMAS \$3,500 TO WORK WITH HIM ON THE BANK JOB. TO THOMAS IT WAS AN EASY OUT. ONLY HE DIDN'T THINK SO NOW! WELL, WE'D HARDLY GOTTEN HIM TO THE LOCK UP WHEN THE NEWS CAME, A DELIVERY BOY HAD RECOGNIZED BULL SCANLON. HE'D PHONED IN THE TIP 12:30 P.M. WE CROWDED INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE SCANLON AND HIS MOB WERE HOLED UP...

THIRTY SECONDS, SCANLON! THAT'S ALL THE TIME YOU'VE GOT!

COPS ON ROOFTOPS...SECONDS TICK OFF... FOURTEEN...THIRTEEN... COPS ACROSS THE STREET IN WINDOWS...NINE SECONDS... EIGHT... SEVEN... SIX...

PROMISE ME A BREAK AND I COME OUT-- NOBODY GETS HURT!

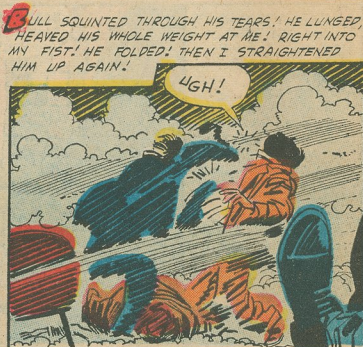
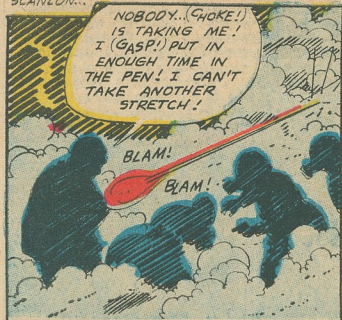
WE'RE NOT MAKING DEALS, SCANLON!

SCANLON FIRED A SHOT INTO THE STREET! HE WAS IN A BLIND RAGE--LIKE A BULL! I SIGNALLED FOR TEAR GAS...

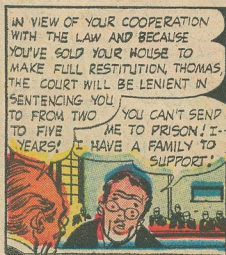
WAIT'LL THEY CHOKE UP AND QUIT SHOOTING, PAT!

WHOOOMP!

IT SOON FOUND OUT WHY THEY CALLED HIM BULL SCANLON...



IT ENDED QUICKLY. MOST OF THE LOOT WAS RECOVERED RIGHT THERE. WE HURLED BULL OFF TO THE CITY JAIL. AT THE TRIAL LEONARD THOMAS TURNED STATE'S EVIDENCE...



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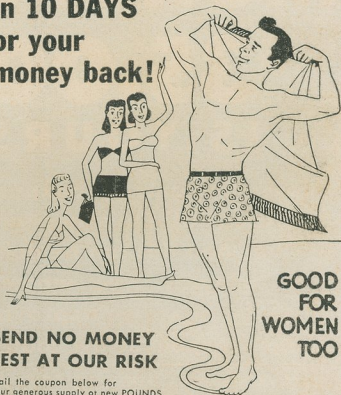
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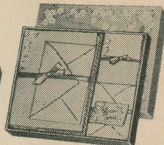
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